

286

T

P A R O D Y
OF THE
S O N G S
IN THE BURLETTA OF
M I D A S,
AS THEY ARE NOW SINGING
BY THE FOLLOWING
ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGES:

HER M——Y,	MR. PITT.
HIS R. H. THE P. OF W.	MR. FOX.
HIS R. H. P. W. H.	MRS. FITZHERBERT.
PRINCESSES,	MADAM SCHWELLENBERG.
DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.	MR. BURKE.
DUCHESSSES OF GORDON AND	MR. SHERIDAN.
DEVONSHIRE.	DR. WARREN,
THE LORD CHANCELLOR.	

DUET of a PITTITE and a RAT.
RATS in Chorus, EX-MINISTERS in Chorus,
PARLIAMENT in Chorus.

A NEW EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

——— “inducere Plumas
Undique collatis Membris.”

L O N D O N:
Printed for JOHN STOCKDALE, opposite Burlington-House,
Piccadilly.
M.DCC.LXXXIX.

[Entered at STATIONERS' HALL.]

AS THEY ARE NOW SINGING

ILLUSTRATIONS: J. H. JONES

[illegible]

DEVONSHIRE. DUCHESSE OF GORDON. DUCHESSE OF RUTLAND. MR. PERRE.



By the President in Council.

A NEW EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.
 By the same Author.
 LONDON: Printed by J. B. Smith, in the Strand, 1794.

Umbelliferaceae

REVISED

L O N D O N :

Trained for Jones Street and opposite Huntington House,
London.
The above is the name of the person who was
employed by the Government.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

(6)

S O N G S, &c.

S C E N E I M

The Curtain rising, discovers the Queen's Cabinet Council seated at Buckingham House, in full Assembly. They address her Majesty in Chorus, accompanied by all the Instruments.

Chorus of all the Ex-Ministers,

A I R I.

GEORGE in his chair,
By his Popish fair,
With his nods,
Men and Gods
Thinks to awe;
But let Will
Shew a bill,
On our rights
Throw some lights,
He'll tremble at the law.

Cock

Cock of the school,
 Tho' Dick and Charley's tool,
 Of Buff and Blue the taw,
 Even Pitt,
 Tho' so fit
 By his wit,
 Must soon quit,
 And make room for men of straw.
 But Parliament
 With one consent,
 Will force them to withdraw;

A I R

A I R

But let Will

Shew a bill,

On our rights

Throw some light,

He'll tremble at the law.

A I R II.

SCENE. *A Dressing Room at Kew.*

The Q——N and PR——E of W——s.

THINK not, lewd Son,
 That your mother's undone,
 Because you're by rascals applauded;
 By all that is light,
 Charlotte will have her right,
 Nor be of dues Royal defrauded.

I'll worry the hearts
 Of your buff and blue fmarts,
 And stir up my Pitt to oppose them;
 My wavering friends
 I will baulk of their ends,
 Or into Rats metamorphose them.

A I R

A I R . III.

SCENE—*Carleton House.**The* CHANCELLOR *and* P— of W—.

BE by your friends advised,
 Too rash, too hasty lad,
 The world, spite of your wise head,
 Will *also* deem you mad.

Think what a fate attends you,
 If Willis, 'stead of Fox,
 Your tutor is, and sends you
 To Kew, without your locks.

AIR

AIR

A I R IV.

SCENE—*A private Closet in Carleton House.*

P—— of W——, and Dr. W——N.

P——E.

I.

SINCE you mean to hire for service,

Come and join the buff and blue;

You can help to bring us notice

Of whate'er is done at Kew.

Fa la la.

II.

You must not dispute for wages,

For I have not much to give;

But if you could gain the Pages,

We might all in splendour live.

Fa la la.

III.

Join with me, and when all's over,

When I am a King indeed,

You and your's shall live in clover;

You'll be double, triple feed.

Fa la la.

B

Dr.

Dr. W——N.

IV.

Come, strike hands, I take your offer,
With young Pitt I should fare worse,
For tho' he'd accept my proffer,
Not a doit would he disburse.

Fa la la.

Pr——E. Do, strike hands; 'tis kind I offer,

Dr. WARREN. I strike hands, and take your offer,

Pr——E. With young Pitt you would fare worse.

Dr. WARREN. With young Pitt I should fare worse.

Pr——E. For, tho' he'd accept your proffer,

Dr. WARREN. For, tho' he'd accept my proffer,

Pr——E. Not a doit would he disburse.

Dr. WARREN. Not a doit would he disburse.

Fa la la.

Exeunt, dancing and singing.

AIR

A I R V.

SCENE—*Downing Street.**Mr. PITT and Mr. ROSE.*

I.

BURKE is known

To mischief prone,

And so is Sheridan, Sir;

But the head

That most I dread,

Is that of Carlo Khan, Sir?

For he will drink

Until he blink,

Yet talk like any man, Sir.

II.

Silly boys

The rogue decoys,

From duty to their mother,

Pleas'd to find

The P——nce so blind,

He tampers with his brother :

But ere 'tis long,

The wicked throng

Will fight with one another.

A I R VI.

SCENE—*The Committee Room at the House of Commons. Dr. Willis under Examination: Burke very violent.*

Mr. PITT *sings.*

Pray, Edmund, please to moderate the rancour
of your tongue,

Why will you thus my doctor dear despise?

Remember that your judgement's weak, and fits
of passion strong,

May soon make you become his prize.

Ply him,

Try him,

But do not defy him:

He'll stop your freak;

If him you pique,

By looking in your eyes!

A I R

A I R VII.

SCENE—*The Palace at Kew.*

Trio of the QUEEN, P— OF W—, and

PRINCESSES.

PRINCESSES:

Ah! ah!

Mamma!

Mamma, how can you be so hard-hearted

To the gentle P— of Wales?

Ah, sure! tho' you he has *often* thwarted,

He's the best of all your males:

Q—N.

Girls, for you my fears perplex me,

I'm alarm'd on your account!

P— OF W—.

Mother, cease to teaze and vex me,

I, my father's throne will mount.

A I R

XI A I R

A I R VIII.

SCENE—*An Eating Room at Carleton House.*P— OF W— *sings, seated between* GEO. H—R
and CAPT. M—S.*Hour—Midnight.*

Shall a country put, not fit to wipe my shoes,

Dare my amours controul ?

Shall the *Prince of Wales* not have a right to
choose

His wife for Goodman Rolle ?

No—I'll send him to the Tower ;

I'll teach him how to prate

Of the actions of the great ;

And when I'm in the height of pow'r,

I'll seize on his estate.

A I R

A I R IX.

SCENE—*A Cabin in the "Pegase," with
Hammocks, &c.*

*Prince WILLIAM HENRY is discovered, sitting at a
Table, with a Tankard, Pipes, and Tobacco
before him. Wowski asleep near him.*

PRINCE WILLIAM HENRY *sings.*

Frederic wenchies and drinks ;

George in his station so high,

Is but a fool if he thinks,

That he's as happy as I.

Charley schools him

And rules him,

And leads his Highness a weary life,

I have a beauty

Tho' footy,

I'd not exchange for his merry wife.

She will fluster

And bluster

Because she a Duchess will never be ;

But my pet,

Black as jet,

Needs not title, nor house, nor annuity.

A I R

A I R X.

SCENE—*Palace at Kew.*MADAME SCHWELLENBERG *sings,*

ALL around in council how they fit,

Hit,

Fit,

To have turned out Pitt!

Routing,

Scouting,

At you pouting,

Jeering,

Sneering,

At the loyal cit.

There is old Queensbury smirks like a bad

Lad,

Glad

That the King is mad!

Waiting,

Prating,

While Burke rating,

Ufes the mother as he did the dad.

A I R XI

SCENE—*The Club at Brookes's. Faro Table laid.*CHARLES FOX *sings.*

SURE I shall run with impatience distracted,
 To see my purposes thus counteracted!
 When I get up to express my vexation,
 Pitt on his legs takes the opposite station,
 With these restrictions
 My pow'r is curtail'd;
 Sure such afflictions
 No man e'er bewail'd.
 As for the Queen and her orator Pitt, Sir,
 They've a fine game, but we soon will be quit, Sir,

AIR

AIR

A I R XII.

SCENE—*A certain White House in Pall Mall,**Mrs. FITZHERBERT sings.*

HE's as loose a drunken fellow,
 As e'er paid his court to me;
 But I ne'er shall wear the willow,
 For no longer is he free.

Tho' my rival cast a hawk's eye,
 I defy what she may do;
 He can't wed the little doxy,
 He has won and wed me too.

III.
 Back to France they say he'll send me,
 But I vow I will not go;
 Nym and Bardolph both befriend me,
 Falstaff only is my foe.

AIR

A I R XIII.

SCENE—The House of Lords. The Commons

attending.

The REGENT,

Seated in his Chair of State, sings.

House of Lords, assuage my anguish,

House of Commons, ease my pain!

Longer do not let me languish,

One kind bill will make me reign.

(Apart, winking to Sheridan.)

Did you know the buck that courts you,

He, perhaps, might sue in vain;

Prince of song, of dance, of sports—you

Soon will wish for Dad again.

A I R XIV.

SCENE continues.

Both Houses of Parliament in Chorus.

We know you caper and modulate prettily,

And are not wanting in beauty and grace ;

And that your counsellors speechify wittily,

But their proceedings are shabby and base.

And Burke so noisy, so rude, and so violent,

With his Teague's voice, has so broguish a tone,
That if you'll banish them when you are made
Regent,

You may count on all the votes as your own.

And many a freeman with kisses decays

With half-starving members, when coxwing has
often prevail'd,

A I R XV.

SCENE—*The Drawing Room at St. James's.*
Duchesses of GORDON and DEVONSHIRE meet at the
Enquiries.

D—ss of G—N. My Buff and Blue Duchefs, what
think you that Fox

Will keep his place maugre the fall of the stocks?

D—ss of D—SHIRE.—And do you, my Scotch
woman, fancy that Pitt

Will e'er on the Treasury Bench again sit?

D—ss of G—N.—Fox we'll chace,

D—ss of D—SHIRE.—Pitt out of place.

Both. I soon shall have to condole with your Grace.

D—ss of G.—Your canvassing talents ere long
you'll employ,

And many a freeman with kisses decoy.

D—ss of D.—Your suppers and balls have too
often prevail'd,

With half-starving members, when coaxing has
fail'd,

D—ss of G.—Fox we'll uncase,

D—ss of D.—Vile race !

BOTH.—I'll humble the vanity of your Grace.

D—ss of G.—Ma'am, your assurance,

D—ss of D.—And, Ma'am, your high airs,

D—ss of G.—Must cease with the influence—

D—ss of D.—Of the back stairs.

D—ss of G.—No more of these freedoms, my
lady, I beg.

D—ss of D.—The Pittite's conceit must be
lower'd a peg.

D—ss of G.—Poor spite !

D—ss of D.—Pride hurt !

D—ss of G.—Words trite !

D—ss of D.—Rare flirt !

D—ss of G.—You shew your fine teeth, but
you never will bite ;

D—ss of D.—Your Billy will soon be reduc'd
to his shirt.

[*Exeunt, scolding.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II

SCENE—The Duchess of Rutland's House in

Albemarle Street.

Duchess of Rutland sings.

O what pleasures would abound,

Could my Billy keep his ground!

Charles and Sheridan,

Burke the merryman,

I would banish to Lob's pound,

O how happy should I be,

Would the Regent think like me!

As for madam Fitz,

And such naughty chits,

I would drown them in the sea!

AIR

A I R II.

SCENE—Mrs. FITZ—T's House in Pall Mall.

Mrs. FITZ—T sings.

NE'ER will I be left in the lurch,
 For I am your honest rib,
 Although we were not wed in church;
 If this you deny, you fib.

Th' apprehension
 Of Rolle's intention,
 Hath made you mention
 To me a pension;
 But, Sir, I spurn it,
 And will return it,
 Or else will burn it,
 And you may learn it
 In a newspaper squib.

A I R

A I R III.

SCENE—*The Treasury.*

ROSE and STEELE attending.

PITT sings.

If to George's strong box,
The Regent and Fox
Steal sily the treasure to plunder;
In Court I'll attack 'em,
Though Loughborough back 'em,
My courage shall make the world wonder.

II.

To the Prince, if he stumble,
I'll fail not to grumble,
Whatever disgrace may befall me;
With truth I'll o'erbear him,
With law I'll ensnare him,
And force the wild youth to recal me.

D

AIR

A I R IV.

SCENE—*Carleton House Gardens.**Mrs. FITZ—sings.*

In his Royal attirement,

His charms brighter shine;

And his first speech, as Regent,

Was downright divine.

But the station,

That the nation

To me doth decree,

If mistress,

My distress

Prodigious will be.

A I R

A I R V.

SCENE—*Carleton House. The Council Chamber.*
The Cabinet sitting.

P—E *sings*,—Master Will,

And his Regency Bill,

I wish they were sunk in the ocean,

Fox *sings*. — If you'll command

The venal band,

I'll venture to hazard the motion.

BURKE.—And I'll have a fling,

And make his ears ring ;

SHERIDAN. And I all his gibes will repay him,

I'll taunt !

F—X. I'll vaunt !

B—KE. I'll flaunt !

PR—E. I'll daunt !

ALL. And I'll warrant the House will betray
him.

The PR—E. — For all his cheats,

And popular feats,

My right to circumscribe, Sir,

A scheme I'll try

To make him fly,

And spare nor oath nor bribe, Sir.

Arraigned he shall be

Of treason to me,

B—KE. — And I with abuse will dismay him,

I'll rant,

SH—N. — I'll cant,

F—X. — I'll pant,

P—E. — I'll grant,

ALL. And I warrant the House will betray him,

A I R VI.

Dialogue between a PITTITE and a RAT.

SCENE—*The House of Commons; behind the
Speaker's Chair.*

PITTITE.—Have the Dukes in Piccadilly

Coax'd you to abandon Billy?

Or are you become a-rat,

'Cause your heart goes pit-a-pat

For the love of a Foxite filly?

II.

RAT. Can a member pretend to be wise,
Who the offers of friends will despise;
Who, when ministers can't stand,
And changes are at hand,
Will not leave them for those that rise?

PITTITE. You're a mercenary grub.

RAT. You're the tool of an artful scrub,
Your betters you snub.

PIT-

PITTITE. Who will lend me a club
This insolent hireling to drub?
You're a mercenary grub.

RAT. You are fool'd by an artful scrub,

PITTITE. Who will meet with many a rub.

RAT. Who's a mere whipt syllabub.

PITTITE. A guinea for a club.

RAT. A tale of a tub!

PITTITE. This muckworm to drub.

RAT. But my noble cub,

PITTITE. Since he does not mind a snub,

RAT. Will me his champion dub.

A I R VII.

SCENE—CHARLES FOX's House in St. James's
Street. A back Room.

FOX, SHERIDAN, and BURKE are discovered sitting
at a Table.

DUCK BURKE attending without the door as Council.

FOX. Sure you'll not endeavour

To disserve

From our favour,

The great Saviour,

In Eastern climes,

Of Britannia's domain.

BURKE. Yes, I will detect him!

FOX. They'll protect him,

And direct him.

BURKE. You'll reject him.

FOX. I respect him.

BURKE. You'll neglect him.

SHERIDAN. With twenty crimes
I'll his character stain.

FOX. When did he injure you, that you're
thus spiteful?

BURKE.

BURKE. He turn'd out Will Burke, and 'twould
be delightful,

To bring him on his knees,
Or to get his rupees,
That I may befriend him.

Fox. You he will never bribe,
For he has got a scribe,
That can well defend him.

BURKE and } What care we for his defence!

SHERIDAN. } He shan't prove his innocence.

Fox. He'll try, he'll try;
I will no hand have in this vile proceed-
ing.

SHERIDAN. But if your heart I melt with Cheyt
Sing bleeding?

Fox. Well, if you can shew cause,
And, if by British laws,
He can be indicted:
I then, perhaps, may join;
But, with your taking coin
I am not delighted.

BURKE and } Oh! leave that affair to us!

SHERIDAN. } We are not so scrupulous.

Fox. Oh! fye. Oh! fye.

A I R

ACT VIII.

SCENE—*York House—after Dinner, Bottles and
Glasses, &c.*

PRINCE *sings.*

WHAT a devilish ado,
Before I am appointed!

Tory you, and Whig you,

Until I am anointed,

To the Rats that vote with me,

I cannot give preferment;

For they've clipp'd in committee

The Powers of the Regent.

CHORUS of RATS.

Sixteen at a Time.

O judicious, sober, Regent!

Who shall oppose our sober Regent!

A I R IX.

Scene continues at York House.

The Company drunk.

PRINCE *sings*

I'M given to understand that you are playing all a
game,

And trying whether Pitt or Fox shall govern you
in my name ;

Now I tell you once for all, that neither Fox nor
Pitt's the man,

But the object of my choice is Richard Brinsley
Sheridan.

CHORUS of RATS.

O judicious, sober, Regent!

Who shall oppose our sober Regent!

CHORUS

O judicious, sober Regent!

Who shall oppose our sober Regent!

AIR

AIR

E F

A I R X.

XI R I A

SCENE—*The Presence Chamber at St. James's.*

The REGENT in a Chair of State, and the two Houses of Parliament bringing up Addresses.

PRINCE sings.

Now I'm seated,

I'll be treated

Like my Daddy on his Throne;

In my presence,

Scoundrel Peasants

Shall not call their votes their own.

My behest is,

He who best is,

Must be ministerial chief;

Dick shall be,

Mon cher ami,

But Pitt I'll banish like a thief.

CHORUS.

O judicious, sober Regent!

Who shall oppose our sober Regent!

E 2

ALR

As I have no money, I'll even sell Pitt and Fox.

Act I. R. XI.

*Scene continues, with Ministers, Rats, Beef-Eaters,
and Attendants.*

PRINCE singt.

I.

WHAT means all this pother about Pitt or Fox,
Disputing to keep the key of my strong box ?
Too long I've been plagued by th' immaculate droll,
And therefore I banish him, toll de roll loll.

II.

Maria a dozen long months me deny'd,
And swore she would never be aught but my bride ;
Yet only one friend did this lady extol,
When mention'd in Parliament, toll de roll loll.

III.

My friends are a medley, a chance medley race,
All start in full cry to obtain a good place ;
But Dick for his speeches in praise of my Moll,
I'll recompense lavishly, toll de roll loll.

At

At present I'm forc'd to give smiles for rewards,
As I have no money, and cannot make Lords;
But patience—I'll even be with Pitt and Rolle;
For Daddy is mortal;—so toll de roll loll.

AIR: In a Tragicomic Style

WHAT means all this fuss about Pitt or Fox
Disputing to keep the key of my iron box?
Too long I've been playing the intricate droll,
And therefore I thank you, roll de roll loll.

AIR: In a Tragicomic Style

Many have long months ago, I'm sure,
And I'm sure they would never be brought out any more.
Yet only one friend did this lady extol,
When I was in a Tragicomic, roll de roll loll.

AIR: In a Tragicomic Style

My friend, I'm sure, is a chance, really rare,
All that I've ever known in a good place.
But I'm sure it's a chance, really rare,
I'll receive it, really, roll de roll loll.

A I R XII.

SCENE—*A Dressing Room at Mrs. FITZ—T's,
in Pall Mall.—REGENT kneels and sings. Mrs.
FITZ—T weeping. Ministers attending without.*

AH! happy hours how fleeting,

Ye danc'd on down away,

When my soft vows repeating,

On your fat lap I lay!

But from your charms when Sunder'd,

As Rollo's threats preface;

Each hour will seem a hundred,

Each day appear an age.

[*The Ministers form two Ranks, while SHERIDAN
crowns him with Ivy. Doors then thrown open.*]

CHORUS of New MINISTERS and RATS.

See, triumphant sits the heir,

Crown'd with ivy, void of care!

Exil'd Pitt shall wander far,

Or return unto the bar;

While with echoing shouts of praise,

We the Regent's glory raise,

AIR

A I R XIII.

SCENE—The Court in Gala.

QUEEN, in deep Mourning.

REGENT in his Robes of State, sings.

No, 'tis not a sham,
But a Regent I am,
Duke of Corn—ll, and heir to the realm;
For the scurvy decree,
That you past against me,
You no longer shall stay at the helm. (To Pitt.)

H.
Thou, a meddling Old Queen, (To Her M—y.)
Full of envy and spleen,
To Mecklenburgh soon shall return;
Thy Pitt in disgrace,
Must abandon his place,
And respect for his betters shall learn.

III. Be

III.

Be first Lord—an estate [To Sheridan

You know how to create.

When you get the strong chests of my Dad ;

Be happy, while I

To my widow do fly,

And rejoice that the K—g is so mad !

IV.

To the bright God of day,

Let us dance, sing, and play,

Clap hands every lass with her lad ;

Now critics lie snug,

Not a hiss, groan, or shrug ;

Remember the poet is mad.



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